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FROM THE WORKED-OUT MINE

by Robert A. Monroe

In my search for the missing “Basic,” an astounding memory surfaced. Evidently it had been long-hidden as a hallucination. It took place at least ten years before there was any such event as an OBE in my life. The location was an old farmhouse we owned in Dutchess County, New York. The well had run dry. It was not the new type of drilled well, but one that had been hand-dug a hundred years ago or earlier. It was about three feet wide, seventy feet deep, and lined with rounded field stones wedged together without mortar.

Listening, one could hear water running far below, but the pump couldn’t bring it up through the pipe. Usually, one does not hear running water in a well. Curious, I got a rope out of the barn, tied it to a nearby tree, and skittered down inside the well like a mountain climber rappelling down a cliff.

When I reached bottom, I immediately found the problem. The water table had lowered, and the end of the pipe was above the new water level. The interesting part was that at the bottom there was a running underground stream, not the usual still pool. A few rocks in the right place and the water level would rise again.

Then I looked up and panic set in. What seemed far, far above me was a tiny circle of light. Between me and that point of safety were seventy feet of loose rock, any one of which I might have disturbed in climbing down. The result was that, at any moment, it could drop away and trigger the entire wall to collapse down on me.

There was evidence in the rocky bottom on which I stood: several large basketball-sized rocks lay there loosely, having fallen from the wall in previous times.

Intense claustrophobia, with some justification. If I didn’t get out now, quickly, I would be buried in a seventy-foot grave and no one would know the difference. I began to sweat.

Holding my panic in check, I knew I would have to be careful in climbing out so as to avoid dislodging any of the rock wall. I sat down on the larger fallen rocks to think about it. Reaching down with my cupped hand, I took some mouthfuls of the running water. It was cool and fresh. As I sat at the bottom of the well, listening to the gentle tumbling of the water, my eyes well adapted to the dim light, I began to relax. It wasn’t so bad, after all. There was something very calm and serene and comfortable about being where I was. I even looked up at the circle of light far above me and the sense of peace was not disturbed. No more panic.

I closed my eyes and leaned comfortably back against the rocky wall of the well. No need to hurry now, with the panic gone. I began to relax even more, and for a moment I thought I was asleep, but I could hear the water and feel the stone against my back. My physical awareness was still complete.

Then the pattern changed. Slowly, the feeling of a warm, loving intelligence seemed to surround me, flow into my body so very gently. It seemed to blend into every part of me, body and mind. I became a part of that intelligence, or the intelligence became a part of me. There didn't seem to be any difference. It didn't matter.

And there was a message. Crudely translated into words:

My son of sons of sons, you have found joy in my winds and sky, we have shared the excitement and peace both on my waters and deep within them. You have reveled in the beauty and ingenuity of my other children spread across my surface. Yet it is only now that you have taken a moment in my bosom to be still and listen. In that stillness, hold this song forevermore: You were born of me, yet it is your destiny to become more than I ever can be. In this growth, I revel with you. My strength is your strength, thus you take with you the glory of me to express in ways that I will not understand. Not understanding, I nonetheless support and share happily that which you become. Go with this truth within you, my son of sons of sons.

That was it. The warmth continued, and slowly faded.

Finally. I stood up, took the dangling rope, climbed easily, without effort, to the top of the well, and scrambled out into the sunlight. I was astounded when I discovered I had been in the well over two hours.

I remember that Basic—now. A dream? Mother Earth. ELS*, I love you.

How could I have forgotten!

[Excerpted from Ultimate Journey]

* Earth Life System

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